

The Mirror

OF

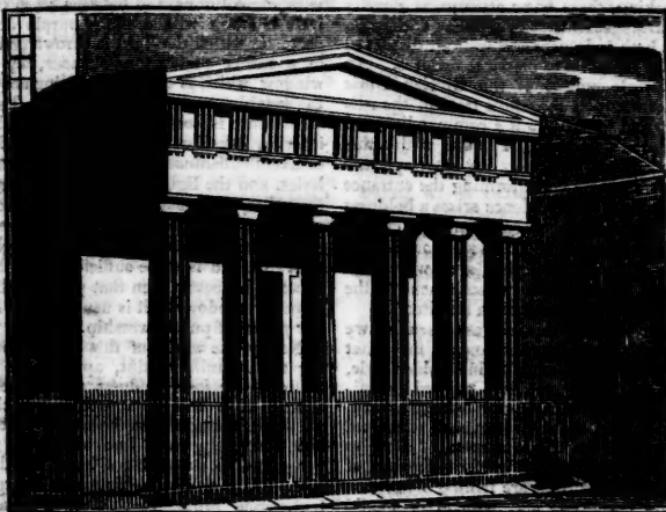
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CIII.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.

New Chapel, in Stamford-Street.



It is as extraordinary as it is disgraceful to the age, that while every other branch of science and of art is making the most rapid progress, architecture is actually retrograding: not that the principles of the art are unknown, but because there is such a total absence of good taste in almost every erection, whether it be of a domestic or ecclesiastical character. In the latter, to use the words of the author of the *Percy Histories of London*, “a palest imitation of the venerable temple of Grecian and Roman antiquity has been made, without any regard to situation or propriety.—Heathen images adorn Christian temples; and our modern, flimsy erections, bear as little comparison with those of the ancients as a fortification in pasteys does to the strong walls it is intended to represent.”

Such is certainly the character of our contemporary architecture. It is, however, gratifying to find even one exception, and that is in the Protestant Dissenting Chapel in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, of which we present a view, from a drawing made for the *MIRROR*. The Chapel was opened last autumn, and forms an elegant and striking contrast with the generality

of chapels and meeting-houses; and may be regarded as a happy illustration of that maxim which ought never to be lost sight of by architects—namely, that beauty is attainable with the most limited pecuniary means, provided those means be employed according to sound economy and pure taste. When we observe the barbarous and truly hideous style in which almost, without a single exception, all our metropolitan structures of this kind are erected,—their utter insignificance, their despicable attempt at ornament, which they sometimes display, and the complete absence of the knowledge of, or the least relish for, architectural effect, which they invariably manifest. When we consider this, it was not without some feeling of surprise that we first beheld this truly unostentatious and simple edifice; and, on viewing it, we cannot help considering it, and hailing it as the indication that a better era of architecture is commencing, and that a taste for its beauties is becoming more generally diffused: and yet we must, indeed, confess, that when we witness the sad doings and pitiful grimaces that our builders—especially those who carry on their exploits in our

suburbs—daily perform in brick and mortar, we are fain to retract our opinion, and confess, to our shame, that there is still nothing among us like a popular feeling for architecture, else could such deformity be permitted, or for a single hour be tolerated “tricks that make *artists weep.*”

In the chapel of which we are now speaking, there is no attempt at novelty of arrangement, or originality of design, but both judgment and taste are displayed in the adoption of classical features. An hexastyle portico of the Grecian Doric order occupies the whole front of the edifice, and imparts to it a commanding and temple-like aspect. The wall within this portico is unbroken by any other aperture than a single door, forming the entrance to the building. Hence arises a boldness of effect, a greatness of manner, a chaste-ness and repose, of which we should desire to see more examples, and which we would most earnestly recommend to the study of our metropolitan architects.

On viewing this elegant façade, we regret but two circumstances: first, that the door is not panelled in a bolder style, and that it has not been painted in imitation of some dark, rich-coloured wood, —secondly, that it has not been attempted to give more the character of stone to the building by tracing the jointings of courses;* yet these are trifling blemishes, easily corrected, and which we should hardly have noticed, where it not that we feel somewhat impatient at perceiving the attainment of perfect beauty in some degree frustrated by what we consider mere capriciousness and perverseness. The interior corresponds with the exterior, in simplicity of taste, and in the style of its decoration, if we can rightly apply the latter term to an edifice, where all that comes under the name of ornament seems to have been studiously rejected. In this respect, we do not think that it would scandalize even a congregation of Quakers; and yet there is a certain air of state, a propriety of architectural feeling, and, withal, a docrum that satisfies the beholder, and affords him no small pleasure. The chief feature, in this interior, is a recess opposite the entrance, decorated with two fluted Doric columns, forming three intercolumns, the central one of which is occupied by the pulpit, elevated on a sort of screen, which occupies the lower part of these intercolumns, rising to about one third of the height of the columns. This arrangement is one of the most advantageous that can be de-

vised, for the pulpit is thus rendered an important object. It is not thrust on one side, as in our churches, but the preacher is in front of all the congregation, and equi-distant from either side. Behind this screen, too, the clergyman enters the vestry, or the pulpit, without passing through the chapel itself. At the back of this recess are two arches, corresponding with the columns, and between them the wall is hung with a plain purple drapery, on which the light is thrown down in a rather picturesque manner, by a window which is concealed, being above the entablature, over the columns. This entablature is continued quite round the interior, constituting the only architectural embellishment. There are no galleries, and the light is admitted by three, or rather, perhaps, one window on each side, consisting of three apertures, glazed with ground glass. The light thus admitted is quite sufficient, and the effect is far better than that produced by so many windows as it is usual to have in our places of public worship.

Nearly the whole of this interior being of an uniform tint, approaching a white, there is a coldness and rawness arising from this circumstance, which, we think, detracts from the general effect; had a slightly warm hue been given to the glass, this would not have been the case. We would recommend a large transparent blind, strained on a frame, so as to be fixed permanently, before the window on either side, and painted in chiaroscuro, in three compartments, answering to the three arched apertures of each window. We really think that these sort of blinds, if executed in a superior manner, might be very judiciously and effectively introduced into many of our churches and chapels, to subdue the too great body of light now generally admitted, and, at the same time, to render these apertures—what they certainly are not at present—subservient to decoration and pictorial display. By way of conclusion, we consider the Stamford-street Chapel as one of the best and chastest models for that rigid and economical style which best accords with the worship of a dissenting congregation, and we hope, that even sectarians may, by degrees, be led to discard much of that affectation of severity which seems to regard any introduction of the elegance of art into their chapels and conventicles, as a leaning towards worldly feelings; for, as if to mortify the eye, and to abstain as much as possible from any thing partaking of the nature of a sensual gratification, they have hitherto most pertinaciously adhered to, and most perversely affected, what-

* The columns are stone; but the entablature and other parts of the front are covered with cement.

ever is most barbarous, monstrous, and contemptible, in architectural taste.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

(Continued from page 73.)

[We had intended to conclude our account of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands in our present Number, but we have only room for the following letter at present, to which we give immediate insertion, and shall feel much obliged if any of our correspondents can give us any additional particulars relating to the King and Queen during their residence in this country.—ED.]

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR.—Perceiving in your notice to correspondents in this day's MIRROR, that you have promised some further account of the late King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, whose unfortunate fate is so generally deplored, I have sent you a short sketch of their history, furnished me by a friend, on whom I can rely for its *authenticity*, which you are at liberty to make whatever use of you please, in adding to the columns of your amusing publication. It is extracted from the journal of the ship Active, one of the vessels trading to those islands.

Your constant reader,

Sept. 4, 1824.

T. J.

On the death of Triaboo (the chief who governed the island of Owyhee at the time Captain Cook visited that place, but who was erroneously called Terreoboo), violent commotions were excited by the native chiefs, each being desirous of gaining the regal authority. The most conspicuous of these was a chief named Tame-ame-ah (father of the late Riho Reho). This chief, by his superior valour and deep-laid plans, soon gained possession of the island of Owyhee; but not being contented with the government of a single island, he determined to oblige the whole group of islands to acknowledge his superiority. Having (partly by threats, and partly by promises) gained over a large party to second his views, he launched his war canoes, and landed his forces on the neighbouring island (Mowee), and having secured the Peninsula, he engaged Kewameoko, the chief of that island, (whose daughter Tameameah the First afterwards married, and she is at this time governing as regent in the absence of Riho Reho,) who, after making a desperate resistance, was obliged to submit. From thence he proceeded to Moroki and the rest of the small islands, which were easily gained; but at Cahu (Woahoo) a long time was occupied before it could be completely conquered; and even after the island itself was governed by Tameameah,

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he could scarcely be said to have had complete possession of it, for the mountaineers, who were completely defended in their impenetrable fastnesses, frequently sallied forth on their invaders, destroyed villages, and returned to their caves, frequently carrying with them many unfortunate victims, some of whom were inevitably lost. Tameameah, having established governors in each island, began to think seriously on the civilization and improvement of his people. For this purpose, instead of fanatical and ignorant Missionaries, (who could teach them nothing within their comprehension,) he encouraged American traders and artisans to settle in the islands, who soon taught the natives numerous artificial wants, which could only be supplied by habits of industry. A flourishing trade was soon established by the king, in the benefit of which, however, the whole of the chiefs participated, and even the lower orders of natives were not without their gains. The harbours were filled with foreign vessels eager to purchase sandal-wood; these required a considerable supply of provisions and vegetables. The natives, finding always a good market for the produce of their labour, redoubled their exertions in order to supply themselves with those little articles of luxury, of which they now felt the want. The character of their king fortunately coincided with the exertion made for the improvement of his subjects; he was soon possessed of a considerable number of vessels; he built houses, erected forts, and the islands soon presented a power very far from despicable.

Querooganne, one of the sons of Triaboo, who was with his father when Capt. Cook was killed, is still living in Cahu as a chief of inferior rank: he (as well as all the other chiefs who formerly opposed the usurpation of Tameameah) is called Poco, that is, prisoner.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

(For the Mirror.)

ARSENICAL liver of sulphur used for detecting metal in wines. The Bakers at Rome are all Germans. Canary birds flew from a ship, wrecked on the coast of Italy, to the Island of Elba, where they multiplied. Cobalt produces sympathetic ink. Mills were constructed at Rome by Belisarius. Baron de Munchausen was the first who erected hot-houses for rearing ananas. William Phipps acquired a fortune by the diving bell. Politian is the first writer who mentions artichokes. The Romans made

fricasses of young puppies. The crocus was the saffron of the ancients, used for seasoning dishes, likewise for perfuming apartments. The first mill in England was erected by a Dutchman. One erected at Limehouse destroyed by the mob. Schelhorn was the inventor of wooden-bellows. Sieves was used by the Romans. Tulips came from Turkey. Yellow wax becomes white with age. Women formerly rode on she asses. Sealing wax is said to have been invented by Francis Rousseau. It is supposed Pliny had some idea of book-keeping. In Athens when things were found they were announced by bills posted up. Beer in Egypt, was mixed with bitter things. In ages of ignorance, the clergy frequently called themselves the cocks of the Almighty, whose duty it was, like the cock which roused Peter, to call the people to repentance, or, at any rate, to church. The Romans employed partridges for fighting, similar to cock-fighting. It was a Cornish-man who first discovered tin in Germany. The idea of fire-engines was borrowed from the common pump. The Sipho, mentioned by Pliny, is a fire-engine; they were used at Rome, and pipes for conveying water were not unknown to the ancients. Forks were not used by the ancients; their meat was cut by a carver. Forks and spoons are still rarities in some parts of Spain. Indigo was brought to Europe, and used in the time of Dioscorides and Pliny; brought at first from the East Indies—called by Dioscorides *indicon*, and by Pliny and Vitruvius, *indicum*; it was prohibited in Germany, and dyers obliged to take an oath not to use it. Pilgrimages gave rise to the erection of inns and hospitals; the first hospitals were built close to cathedrals. Bulbous roots were famous dishes among the ancients. Brocoli was known to the ancients, and some species of cabbage, but no traces respecting spinage. The parsnip was called *elaphoboscon*. Shallots were brought from Ascalon, in Palestine. Lamp-black is mentioned by Vitruvius. Lead cannot be soldered without tin, nor tin without lead. Gilt leather is mentioned by Lucian. William Lee was the inventor of the stocking-loom. In the northern countries, the first leaves of the dandelion are used as a salad. In the middle ages, shopkeepers and merchants sold their goods in the manner of a lottery. In France they had lotteries for giving portions to poor virtuous young women. Ancient manuscripts were ruled with lead. The Norman fleet, in 1013, had birds which turned with the wind on the tops of the masts. Ancient painters were

often poor slaves. The pellicle detached from the gut of an ox or cow is used by gold beaters. Pyrites were formerly used for guns instead of flints. The first register office established in London, was in 1637, December 20th. Rome had no hospitals for the sick. Surgeons were unknown in the time of the Trojan war. Themistocles is said to have instituted public cock-fighting. Tin was used in the time of Homer and Moses. The Stannum of the ancients was not our tin, but rather a mixture of two metals—the same substance as the werk of the Germans. Tyre was the ancient market for tin. Weather-cocks are mentioned in the ninth century, in France; in the twelfth century, none but noblemen were allowed to have vanes on their houses.

P. T. W.

THE GREEKS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

O, PEACE to the land—to the land ever glorious,
Where Wisdom's light flourish'd ere bondage
began—
Where the march of the mind waved its banner
victorious,
And the sweet air of liberty breathed upon
man.
And health to the heroes, whose forefathers'
bravery
Arose like a meteor, and dazzled the world!
Whose cause, thunder-arm'd, broke the fetters
of slavery,
And the ensigns of freedom triumphant un-
furled.
O, Greece! may thy sons, on the Turk and the
tyrant,
Hurl their wrath till the Ottoman's yoke is no
more;
And the souls of the brave, like the eagle
aspirant,
By the death of their foes, to the heaven skies
soar.

And, hark! a voice from the blue expanse
fires ye:
'Tis he—'tis your *Byron*'s, the bard great and
dear!
'Tis he, who with courage and ardour inspires
ye—
'Tis he, to whose memory *Greece* drops a tear.
Then, onward,—rush onward, ye warriors, to
glory!
'Tis justice you fight for, and freedom you
seek!
Once more shall your deeds blaze resplendent
in story,
And the proud turban'd *Mussulman* kneel to
the Greek!

UTOPIA.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DINNER IN THE STEAM-BOAT.

"They fool me to the top of my bent."
SHAKESPEARE.

'COME, Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Hoggins, Mrs. Sweetbread, Mrs. Cleaver! dinner's ready;

shall I show you the way down to the cabin? we musn't spoil good victuals, though we are sure of good company. Lauk! what a monstrous deal of smoke comes out of the chimney. I suppose they are dressing the second course; every thing's roasted by steam, they say—how excessively clever! As to Mrs. Dip, since she's so high and mighty, she may find her own way down. What! she's afraid of spoiling her fine shawl, I reckon, though you and I remember, Mrs. Hoggins, when her five-shilling Welsh-whittle was kept for Sunday's church, and good enough, too, for we all know what her mother was. Good Heavens! here comes Undertaker Croak, looking as down in the mouth as the root of my tongue: do let me get out of his way; I wouldn't sit next to him for a rump and dozen, he does tell such dismal stories, that it quite gives one the blue devils. He is like a night-mare, isn't he, Mr. Smart?—‘ He may be like a mare by night,’ replied Mr. Smart, with a smirking chuckle, ‘ but I consider him more like an ass by day. He! he! he! Looking round for applause at this sally, he held out his elbows, and taking a lady, or rather a female, under each arm, he danced towards the hatchway, exclaiming, ‘ Now I am ready trussed for table, liver under one wing and gizzard under the other.’—‘ Keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Smart; I don't quite understand being called a liver: look at the sparks coming out of the chimney; I declare I'm frightened to death.’—‘ Well, then you are of course no longer a liver,’ resumed the facetious Mr. Smart; ‘ so we may as well apply to Mr. Croak to bury you.’—‘ O Gemini! I don't talk so shocking; I had rather never die at all than have such a fellow as that to bury me.’—‘ Dickey, my dear!’ cried Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who was leaning over the ship's side with a most woe-begone and emetical expression of countenance, ‘ hadn't you better come down to dinner? There's a nice silver side of a round o' beef, and the chump end of a *line o'* mutton, besides a rare hock of bacon, which I dare say will settle your stomach.’—‘ O mother,’ replied the young cockney, ‘ that 'ere cold beef-steak and ingums vat you put up in the pocket-handkerchief, wasn't good I do believe, for all my hindaisen are of a work.’—‘ Tell 'em it's a holiday,’ cried Smart.—‘ O dear, O dear!’ continued Dick, whose usual brazen tone was subdued into a lackadaisical whine, ‘ I vant to reach and I can't; what shall I do, mother?’—‘ Stand on tip-toe, my darling,’ replied Smart, imitating the voice of Mrs. Cleaver, who began to take in

high dudgeon this horse-play of her neighbour, and was proceeding to manifest her displeasure in no very measured terms, when she was fortunately separated from her antagonist, and borne down the hatchway by the dinner-desiring crowd, though sundry echoes of the words ‘ Jackanapes!’ and ‘ impudent feller!’ continued audible above the confused gabble of the gangway.

‘ Well, but Mr. Smart,’ cried Mrs. Suet, as soon as she'd satisfied the first cravings of her appetite, ‘ you promised to tell me all about the steam, and explain what it is that makes them wheels go round and round as fast as those of our one-horse chay, when Jem Ball drives the trotting mare.’—‘ Why, ma'am, you must understand.’—‘ Who called for sandwiches and a tumbler of negus?’ bawled the steward.—‘ Who called for the savages and tumbling negres?’ repeated Mr. Smart.—‘ Yes, ma'am, you saw the machinery, I believe—(capital boiled beef)—there's a thing goes up and a thing goes down, all made of iron; well, that's the hydrostatic principle; then you put into the boiler—(a nice leg of mutton, Mrs. Sweetbread)—let me see, where was I? In the boiler, I believe. Ah! it's an old trick of mine to be getting into hot water. So, ma'am, you see they turn all the smoke that comes from the fire on to the wheels, and that makes them spin round, just as the smoke-jack in our chimneys turns the spit; and then there's the safety-valve in case of danger, which lets all the water into the fire, and so puts out the steam at once. You see, ma'am, it's very simple, when once you understand the trigonometry of it.’—‘ O perfectly, but I never had it properly explained to me before. It's vastly clever, isn't it? How could they think of it? Shall I give you a little of the salad? La, it isn't dressed; what a shame!’

‘ Not at all,’ cried Smart; ‘ none of us dressed for dinner, so that we can hardly expect it to be dressed for us. He! he! he!—‘ Did you hear that, Mrs. H.?’ exclaimed Mrs. Suet, turning to Mrs. Hoggins, ‘ that was a good one, warn't it? Drat it, Smart, you *are* a droll one.’

Here the company were alarmed by a terrified groan from Mr. Croak, who ejaculated, ‘ Heaven have mercy upon us! did you hear that whizzing noise?—there it is again! there's something wrong in the boiler; if it bursts, we shall all be in heaven in five minutes.’—‘ The Lord forbid!’ ejaculated two or three voices, while others began to scream, and were preparing to quit their places, when the steward informed them it was nothing in the world but the spare steam which they were letting off.—‘ Ay, so they always

say,' resumed Croak with an incredulous tone and woe-begone look; ' but it was just the same on board the American steam-boat that I was telling you of; fifty-two souls sitting at dinner, laughing and chatting for all the world as we are now, when there comes a whiz, such as we heard a while ago; God help us! there it is once more; and bang! up blew the boiler; fourteen people scalded to death; large pieces of their flesh found upon the banks of the river, and a little finger picked up next day in an oyster-shell, which by the ring upon it was known to be the captain's. But don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, I dare say we shall escape any scalding, as we're all in the cabin, and so we shall only go to the bottom smash! Indeed we *may* arrive safe; they do sometimes, and I wish we may now, for nobody loves a party of pleasure more than I do. I hate to look upon the gloomy side of things when we are all happy together (here another groan), and I hope I haven't said any thing to lower the spirits of the company.'

'There's no occasion,' cried Smart, 'for I saw the steward putting water into every bottle of brandy.' The laugh excited by this *bon-mot* tended in some degree to dissipate the alarm and gloom which the 'boding Mr. Croak' had been infusing into the party; and Smart, by way of fortifying their courage, bade them remark that the sailors were obviously under no sort of apprehension. 'Aye,' resumed the persevering Mr. Croak, 'they are used to it—it is their business—they are bred to the sea.'—'But they don't want to be *bread* to the fishes, any more than you or I,' retorted Smart, chuckiling at his having the best of the nonsense.

'Well,' exclaimed Mrs. Sweetbread, 'I never tasted such beer as this—flat as ditch-water; they should have put it upon the culender to let the water run out; and yet you have been drinking it, Smart, and never said any thing about it.'—'Madam,' replied the party thus addressed, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking very serious, 'I make it a rule never to speak ill of the dead. I am eating the ham, you see, and yet it would be much better if I were to let it exemplify one of Shakespeare's soliloquies—Hamlet alone.'—'La! you're such a wag,' cried Mrs. Hoggins, 'there's no being up to you; but if you don't like the ham, take a slice of this edge-bone—nothing's better than cold beef.'—'I beg your pardon, madam,' replied the indefatigable joker, 'cold beef's better than nothing. Ha! ha! ha!'

'How do you find yourself now, my

darling?' said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on because, as he said, his 'air was quite wet.'—' Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peekish, that I feel as if I could heat any thing.'—'Then just warm these potatoes,' said Smart, handing him the dish, 'for they are almost cold.'—'I'll thank you not to run your rigs upon me,' quoth the young Cockney, looking glumish, 'or I shall fetch you a viper with this here hash-stick. If one gives you a hinch, you take hell.'—'Never mind him, my dear,' cried his mother, 'eat this mutton-chop, it will do you good; there's no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw!'—'Very good!' exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands; 'egad! ma'am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin.' This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and, as the fat dame was at that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor, an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when first he came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and began attacking the buttock of beef with great vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a famous 'appetite,' and felt 'as hungry as aound.'—'I never say any thing to discourage any body,' said Mr. Croak, 'particularly young people; it's a thing I hate, but 'other day a fine lad sat down to his dinner in this very packet, after being sea-sick, just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he had broke a blood-veasel, and in twelve hours he was a corpse, and a very pretty one he made.'

'I'm not going to be choused out of my dinner for all that,' replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time calling out, 'Steward! take away this porter-pot, it runs.'—'I doubt that,' cried Smart.—'I say it does,' resumed Dick, angrily; 'the table-cloth is all of a sop.'—'I'll bet you half-a-crown it doesn't.' Done! and done! were hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart, looking round with a smirk, exclaimed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer.' This elicited a shout at poor Dick's expense, who sullenly muttered, 'I'm not going to be bamboozled out of an 'alf-crown in that there vay, and vat's more, I won't be made a standing joke by no man.'—'I don't see

how you can,' replied his antagonist, 'so long as you are sitting.'—' Vy are you like a case of ketchup?' cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own inquiry, 'because you are a saucebox.'—' Haw! haw!' roared his mother, 'bravo, Dick; well done, Dick! there's a proper rap for you, Mr. Smart.'—Somewhat nettled at this joke, poor as it was, the latter returned to the charge by inquiring of Dick why his hat was like a glibet-pie? and after suffering him to guess two or three times in vain, cried, 'because there's a goose's head in it,' and instantly set the example of the horse-laugh, in which the company joined. Finding he was getting the worst of it, Dick thought it prudent to change the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be 'ighwater in the arbour when they arrived.'—' Then I recommend you by all means to use some of it,' said the pertinacious Mr. Smart; 'perhaps it may cure your squint.'

Both mother and son rose up in wrath at this personality, and there would infallibly have been a *bouresque* (as the French say) in the hold, but that there was just then a tremendous concussion upon the deck, occasioned by the fall of the main-boom, and followed by squalls and screams, of all calibres, from the panic-stricken company at the dinner-table. 'Lord have mercy upon us!' ejaculated Croak with a deep groan, 'it's all over with us—we are going to the bottom—! I like to make the best of every thing—it's my way, and therefore hope no lady or gentleman will be in the least alarmed, for I believe drowning is a much less painful death than is generally supposed.'

Having run upon deck at this juncture for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the accident, which he found to be unattended with the smallest danger, the writer cannot detail any more of the conversation that ensued until their arrival at Calais, which will form the subject of another paper.

New Monthly Magazine.

AN HORATIAN ODE TO THE YACHT OF A GREAT CIVIC CHARACTER.*

Recently returned from the Mediterranean.

—*tu nisi vespis*
Debas iudibrium, cave,
Nuper sollicitum que mihi tedium,
Nunc desiderium, caraque non levia.—

HOR.
IMMORTAL bark! once more I hail
From Blackwall shore thy well-known sail,

* The writer was shewn a vessel said to be the modern "Argo." His informant might have been mistaken, but it is enough that the poet has fitted us to the identity.

As at the Gun* I stand,
And see thee in thy vent'rous pride
Float, like a porpoise on the tide,
Toward the civic strand.
Safe hast thou brought to Ramsgate Pier
Thy precious freight, from danger clear,
And horrors of the sea!
Audacious vessel! Walcheren
Long since confessed thy prowess,—when
Thou sail'st with Castlereagh:
When his great expedition, plann'd
Against Myneher's mephitic land,
His genius proved and skill
In statesmlike affairs—and now
Far to the South thy daring prow
Achieves fresh triumphs still.

And thou hast cross'd the dangerous bay,
Bold ship! that sailors call Biscay,
Unfathomably deep;
Where navies roll from left to right,
Till cooks can keep no fires alight,
And nothing do but sleep.

Old Elliot's rock thou anchor'dst by,
Where sons of Spanish liberty
Had fled, with want afflicted:
And some believed thy cheat profound,
Relieved them with a thousand pound;‡
Until 'twas contradicted.

For Malta spread thy daring sail,
Undecked by the Libyan gods,
Its breath with red heat blazed;
Then dared'st thou the Corsair's bloody flag,
Nor saw'st thy noble ardour lag,
Till turtle was expended.

Yes, thou hast cut the Tyrrhene wave,
And seen the clear blue ocean bare
The foot of Africa tall:
Pass'd Iucentus Capri to the bay
Where hot Vesuvius steams away,
With kitchen like Guillotin.

At Naples almost famine-struck,
Saw flesh, or fish, or egg, or duck,
Thou wert in starving plight:
But thy high fortune conquer'd all,
On the sun-shore where Hannibal
Found his and taken flight.

Where macaroni, rich and rare
Is spun amid the open air,
Like cord is twined and thrown,—
And wine of tears & makes glad the soul,
And kings of spotless faith control
With Austrian slaves their own.

Doubtless thy skipper went to court:
'Tis a fine clime for killed sport,
For philibeg and dirk:
The indica, too, regard "us youth":
Their eyes and hearts are fine in truth,
But skins a little marr'd.

No more of Anson, Parry, Cook,
Shall now be read in history's book,—
Of these let fame be dumb;
Thou gastronomic bark, shalt claim
More sterling honours for thy name
When city dinners come:

Thou shalt be toasted three times three
By collar'd Aldermen, and see

* The Gun Tavern.

A voyage famous in a parody on "Black-eyed Susan," said to have been written by the Rev. S. S.

† Found for the rhyme's sake—this donation was stated in the newspapers, and afterwards contradicted. It might have been best answered by a line of Mr. Canning's parody of Dr. Sontz's "Sapphics"—"I give thee sixpence?" &c. &c. Vide Canning's Poems, just published, for the rest of that excellent *jeu d'esprit*.

‡ Lachryme Christi.

§ Query—Shakspeare.

Thy master, "fore the King,"
 Relating all his perils past,
 His hairbreadth 'scapes from rock and blast,
 His short provisioning.
 Accept from me this little lay,—
 Bard's have but compliments to pay,
 Cheap though such off'rings be;
 May time long see thee riding brave,
 Well stored, well cellar'd, on the wave,—
 The tavern of the sea.
 And when (for Argonauts must fall)
 Thy seams are opening, one and all,
 And thou must quit thy station,
 May'st thou be changed to tables strong,
 And joy beneath the feast and song
 Of London's Corporation!

New Monthly Magazine.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS IN GERMANY.

THE following narrative from the pen of Captain L. Forster, an officer in the Gotha contingent of troops attached to the French army during the sway of Bonaparte, is not only curious in itself, but also interesting, as it serves to illustrate the superstitious notion on which the incidents in the very popular German Opera, *Der Freyschutz*, are founded.

"It was in the year 1811, during, if I mistake not, the march from Hamburg to Stralsund, with the two officers of my company, the Lieutenants B—r and C. Von W—m, that we were quartered in an ancient castle inhabited only by the keeper. We found but a single habitable room, which we were obliged to share with our servants, and as we had not only made a long march that day, but were wet through with a soaking rain, we seated ourselves soon after supper round the fire-place, in which a cheerful fire had been kindled. The conversation turned on a variety of topics, till at length it fixed upon hunting and shooting; many curious stories were related, many instances of excellent shots were mentioned, and at last various allusions were made to the secret acts of gamekeepers. These led to a narrative, with which I may say, on account of its horrible singularity, I was particularly struck, and which I will endeavour to repeat as nearly as possible in the words of the relator.

"Ulrich, the servant of Lieutenant B—r, who was born in a woodland village in the Duchy of Gotha, and, as he himself said, had from his youth, associated much with gamekeepers, and been accustomed to shooting, began as follows:—'Yes, captain, you may think as you please about it, but gamekeepers are up to things that are really astonishing. With Mr. C—r, head forester at Fr—th, there lived an old gamekeeper who could certainly do more than merely eat bread.

He had, to all appearances, an ordinary gun with which he never used any thing but ball, whether he was firing at hares, birds, or any other sort of game; and he was never known to miss even at distances exceeding by twice or three times the usual range of such a piece; but this was not done fairly, for it is certain Old Nick had a hand in it.' We all laughed. 'Laugh as much as you please, still it is positively true. You shall hear.—One evening as we were sitting together, the old man I am speaking of, several of the young keepers, and Charles, the son of the head forester. We were talking of the excellence of the old man's gun, on which he observed, that what we had hitherto seen was nothing to what he could do, adding, that he would immediately fire out of the window, if we would first decide in what part of the country he should shoot a piece of game, and what kind of game it should be. This appeared incredible to us, but for fun we mentioned a spot in the forest about a mile from the house, and desired him to shoot a fox there. He fired out at the window as he had said, and we repaired to the spot specified, and there sure enough we found a fox that had just been shot. The son of the head forester, then quite a youth, was very curious to know by what means this was done, and the old man promised to teach him the trick if he had courage to learn it. Charles was desirous of learning, but desisted at the decisive moment, frightened by terrible apparitions. Well, said I, but did Charles never tell you in what way a person was to set 'about it?'—'Oh, yes; you must strive to get possession of a host already consecrated for the Holy Communion. With this and a gun loaded with ball, you repair, on the night of Christmas Eve, to the forest, nail the host to a tree, go back to a little distance from it, and with a loud voice renounce the belief of the blessed Trinity. Hereupon you fire at the host, and this done, you will find upon it three drops of blood; these you wipe off with a piece of paper, and then make a hole (which may be done at home) in any part of the stock of the gun; put the paper into it and close it up again. When all these ceremonies have been duly performed, every ball fired from this piece is sure to hit whatever the owner pleases.'

"I expressed my surprise that any one could be so silly as to believe such absurd and stupid stuff, but Ulrich persisted in his assertion that the thing was nevertheless true.—'For (continued he), Charles C—r contrived to procure a host, and went out into the forest with the old man, on the night of Christmas Eve. Accord-

ing to his direction he nailed the host to the tree, and repeated the oath of abjuration, but when he took aim to shoot, the trees were gone, and he saw nothing but our Saviour, as large as life, hanging on the cross, and innumerable frightful infernal shapes dancing about him, on which he threw down the gun and ran away."—*Ackermann's Repository*.

The Selector;
or,
**CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.**

SONGS FROM THE GAELIC.

AIR.—"Roy's Wife."

CHORUS.

Will ye go to Aldavallich?
Will ye go to Aldavallich?
Sweet the mellow mavis sings
Amang the braes of Aldavallich.

There, beneath the spreading boughs,
Among the woods of green Glenfallich,
Softly murmuring as it flows,
Winds the pure stream of Aldavallich,
Will ye go to Aldavallich, &c.

The first golden smile of morn,
And the last beam that evening sheddeth,
Bolts that echoing vale adorn—
That brightly glows, this mildly faideth.
Will ye go, &c.

Short is their hoar winter's stay,
When spring returns like Hebe blooming;
Hand in hand with rosy May,
With balmy breath the air perfuming.
Will ye go, &c.

Brushing o'er the dewy dew,
While Phœbus casts a lengthen'd shadow,
There the fairest maidens pa'
The fairest flowers that deck the meadow.
Will ye go, &c.

But there's a dower, a fairer flower
Than ever grew in green Glenfallich,
The blooming maiden I adore,
Young blithesome May of Aldavallich.
Will ye go, &c.

Let me but pa' this opening rose,
And fend press it to my bosom;
I ask no other flower that blows,—
Be mine this modest little blossom.
Will ye go, &c.

THE BANKS OF GARRY.

TUNE.—"Over the Moor amang the Heather."

Where May embalm'd the air,
And verdure fring'd the winding Garry,
Upon a dewy morning fair,
I met my lovely Highland Mary:
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the silver-winding Garry,
Where May May embalm'd the air,
I met my lovely Highland Mary.

Softly wav'd the birken tree,
The little birds were gay and airy;
Sweetly flow'd their melody
Upon the gay green banks of Garry:
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the silver-winding Garry,
Sweetly flow'd their melody
Upon the gay green banks of Garry.

But what were morning wet wi' dew,
And all the flowers that fringe the Garry,
When first arose upon my view,
A beam of light, my Highland Mary!
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the crystal-winding Garry;
Twould make a saint forget his creed,
To meet her by the winding Garry.

O speed thee, Time! or swifter wing
Around thy ring, nor slowly tarry:
Oh! haste the happy hour to bring
That gives me to my Highland Mary!
On the flowery banks of Garry,
By the silver-winding Garry,
Take, Fortune, all the world beside,
I ask no more than Highland Mary.

Macpherson's Melodies from the Gaelic.

THE NUBIANS.

[We copy the following from "Travels in Egypt, Nubia, &c., by the Hon. C. L. Irby and James Mangles." Printed for private circulation only.]

THE Nubians are a very distinct race of people from the Arabs; their dress is commonly a loose white shirt and a turban; sometimes they are uncovered, except a cloth round the waist. They are very superstitious, most of them wearing charms to keep off "the evil eye," or some other apprehended ills. These charms consist of words written on a scrap of paper, and sewed up in leather; they are worn mostly on the right arm, over the elbow, and sometimes round the neck. All the cashiefs we saw had them, and one Nubian dandy had nine of these appendages. Those people think themselves very cunning in schemes to deceive strangers. Few of them smoke; instead of which they use salt and tobacco mixed, enveloped in wool, and kept between the under lip and gum; the boys commence this practice when quite young. They are all rogues, but being bred up in such principles, do not think there is any harm in being so; the opprobrious terms *harama*, *cadab*, (thief, liar,) are not considered abusive with them, as they have no notion of honesty, and cannot possibly keep from pilfering any thing within their reach; we detected our sailors at this work, almost daily, but they always made a joke of it. The several districts differ much in regard to dress, and particularly in the manner of wearing the hair; some have it curled "à la Brutus," others plaited and hanging down, with great uniformity, in ringlets, to the shoulders, where it is cut off square at the bottom, and looks exactly like a mop. The latter grease their locks plentifully with oil; the former have generally a skewer sticking in their hair in readiness to disturb any animalcule which may bite too hard. There is great difference in the features and make of the several Nubian tribes; the natives of Elphæ are tall and good-looking; the

people of Derry are hideous and deformed; the tribe at Armada are small, but handsome, and well made; they are frugal in their mode of living, subsisting principally on doura, made into flat cakes, and baked on a stone which is heated, and sour milk and dates. It is usual to see a courier, or man, going on a few days journey, with no other provision than a small bag of dates; they eat the offal of all the beasts they kill, not rejecting any part; and when we were at the village to which the crew belonged, the women came down eagerly to dispute for some fowls which having died were thrown on shore. They are great boasters but have no firmness, and have a great aversion to fire arms. They evince much outward show of religion, praying four or five times a day; and to show their piety, they leave the sand on their foreheads, which sticks there while they are performing their devotions. They are respectful to their chieftains, to whom are referred all their quarrels and disputes. They are invariably armed, and appear very proud of their weapons; they mostly carry a dagger on the left arm; a long pike and a sword slung across the back. The boys, when young, have weapons provided them; this they imagine shews their independence, and they acknowledge no government. They are exceedingly passionate with each other, but are soon reconciled, even after the most inveterate abuse; they adhere together, and no bribes can separate them; we never saw an instance in which we had any of them on our side, or when any thing was revealed to us. Ear-rings are common amongst the men; they usually have but one, and it is immaterial in which ear it is worn. They eat the locusts grilled, and affirm that they are good. They are considerably darker than the Arabs. The only manufacture they have has been pointed out to them by necessity, and consists of neat close-grained platters, made of the date-tree, to contain their milk and food. No earthenware is made in the country; their water-jars are brought from Egypt.

The women do not cover their faces so scrupulously as the Arabs; they are not ill-looking; are generally well made and have good figures. They wear a brown garment, reaching down to the ankles; it is thrown over the right shoulder, comes close under the left arm, the shoulder of which is bare, and has not an ungraceful appearance; they are very partial to rings and bracelets; the former are frequently worn at the nose, the latter are made of one piece of ground glass, which not yielding, and being forced on as small as possible, often causes much pain; they al-

ways go bare-footed. Young girls have a covering round their loins made of strips of leather, hanging down, and ornamented with cowry shells and beads. The hair of the women is plaited somewhat like the men's, and greased with oil. The Barahms, from their frugal mode of life, are subject to few diseases; they are all marked with one, sometimes two scars on the spine of the back; where they have been burnt for the cure of an endemic disease, which attacks them when young; this mode of treatment, by drawing all the humours to one spot, keeps the discharge open till the patient is recovering, and experience has, doubtless, often shewn it to be successful. A boy, while we were at Ebsambal, was in a state of cure, and accidentally injured the part which caused it to bleed; the father immediately applied a remedy, by throwing some sand, of which article there is no scarcity in the country, on the wound; this soon appeased the boy's cries and pain."

TRAVELS IN MEXICO.

(To the *Editor of the Mirror.*)

SIR,—I do myself the pleasure of sending you a few extracts from *Travels in Mexico*, by Wm. Bullock, Esq. F. L. S. Proprietor of the late London Museum of Natural History, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

At the same time, I cannot help saying something about Mr. Bullock's late London Museum;—it was unfortunately sold by auction, in the year 1819, which event I have often regretted, as it frequently afforded me much amusement. I must say it was an honour to the nation, to boast of such an entertaining and instructive exhibition. I find by a memorandum that I had made at the time, that Mr. Bullock's collection in this Museum, was the result of thirty years unremitting attention, under the auspices of the most scientific characters, not only in England, but in various other parts of the world, and which had been formed at an expense considerably exceeding thirty thousand pounds.

The whole of this collection was sold in the course of eighteen days, in 2,248 lots. Thus has the public been deprived of the sight, and contemplation of one of the most beautiful selections of Natural History that ever was exhibited, or that ever had graced this country.

I remain, Sir,
Your constant reader,
2nd August, 1824. W. F.

APPROACHING THE COAST.
"On the afternoon of Monday, the 24th

of February, 1823, we expected to see the coast of Mexico, and our anxiety increased as sun-set approached. All crowded to the deck, and every telescope was in requisition; distant mountains had been in sight some hours. It was not, however, till a sudden clearing of the mist, that a general cry of 'Orizaba' burst from the quarter-deck. The height of this mountain is estimated at 17,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the distance at which we saw it was about 160 miles." Soon afterwards they landed at Vera Cruz.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

" Nothing around gives any idea of the magnificent city to which you are approaching; all is dreary silence, and miserable solitude. And can this, I thought to myself, be Mexico?—have I then for such a place left my home, and all that is dear to me, whilst half the world intervenes between me, and the comforts of England? what have I gained in exchange! We arrived at the barriers, and passing through a part of the shabby looking troops that surround the city, entered the suburbs, which were mean and dirty, the people inhabiting them covered with rags, or only wrapped in a blanket. So great was my disappointment, that I could scarcely bring myself to believe that I was in the capital of New Spain, the great mart of the precious metals, whence they flow to all parts of the habitable world:—a few minutes more, however, brought us into the city, and whatever I had seen of regularity and largeness of streets, size and grandeur of churches and houses, was here surpassed, and I felt repaid for all the dangers and troubles I had undergone. The streets cross each other at right angles, and many are nearly two miles in length, perfectly level and straight, and with the ends terminating in the view of the mountains that surround the valley. Most of the houses are of the same height, generally three stories, highly decorated and ornamented with two rows of balconies of wrought iron, painted or gilt, and some of bronze. The stories are very lofty, the apartments being from fifteen to twenty feet high. The first or ground floor is entered by a pair of large folding gates, ornamented with bronze, often thirty feet in height. These lead into the court yard, surrounded by the house, filled with trees and flowers, producing a very pretty effect, and having a gallery to each floor, offering so many separate promenades under shelter from the sun and rain. The lower apartments are generally occupied by the porter and

other servants; the floor above is often let off; but the highest, which is the principal, is occupied by the family themselves, having a separate stone staircase of great magnificence leading to it. Nothing can be better calculated than these residences for the delightful climate, in a country where change of temperature is scarcely known, where perennial spring reigns—where fire-places are never seen, and where it is scarcely necessary to have glass windows to exclude the night air from the bed-rooms. All that is requisite is a strong roof against the heavy rains that occur at certain seasons, and lofty rooms to afford a free circulation of air, and nothing can be better adapted for this purpose than the style of architecture introduced by the Spaniards into Mexico.

" The fronts of the houses are in general white, crimson, brown, or light green, painted in distemper, and having a pleasing appearance; and the dryness of the atmosphere is such, that they retain their beauty unimpaired many years. Some of these fronts have inscriptions upon them taken from Scripture: numbers too are entirely covered with glazed porcelain, in a variety of elegant designs and patterns, often with subjects from Scriptural history, giving the whole a rich and mosaic appearance, quite different from any thing of the kind in Europe. The walls of their great staircases are frequently covered in the same manner, and mixed with a profusion of gilding, which, in contrast with the blue and white porcelain, has a really splendid effect. I am inclined to think that this mode of ornament was borrowed from the Moorish palaces and mosques existing in Spain at the time of the discovery of Mexico, and introduced into this city, and Puebla de los Angeles, when the wealth of the mines of the New World was such as to render it impracticable for the proprietors to spend their immense revenues in household expenses, equipages, or servants.

" The porcelain was probably the manufacture of Holland, and the Netherlands, then under the Spanish yoke. The walls of several of the churches are finished in the same manner. The roofs are all nearly flat, and bricked, and many of them are covered with flowers, affording a pleasant place of resort in a fine evening, as the prospect is delightful, and the air refreshing and uncontaminated by smoke. Owing to this species of ornament, the city seen from an elevation, presents a far more beautiful appearance than those of Europe, where the red-tiled and deformed roofs, and shapeless stacks of chimneys, are the

principal features in the prospect. Indeed, no-place I ever saw affords so many interesting points for a panoramic view, independently of its own intrinsic beauty, its interesting architecture, its houses with their light balconies, covered patios of shrubs and flowers, its situation in the grand valley of Mexico, with its sea-like lakes, surrounded by snow-capped volcanic mountains, the highest in New Spain. But the furniture and internal decorations of most of the houses ill accord with their external appearances. The closing of the mines, the expulsion of the rich Spanish families, and sixteen years of revolutionary warfare, with all the concomitant miseries, have wrought a melancholy alteration in the fortunes of individuals, and in the general state of the country: and in this the capital bears no inconsiderable share. The superb tables, chandeliers, and other articles of furniture, of solid silver, the magnificent mirrors and pictures, framed in the same precious metal, have now passed through the mint, and in the shape of dollars are circulating over Europe and Asia, and families whose incomes have exceeded half a million per annum, can now scarcely procure the means of a scanty existence.

“ But I hope that these times are nearly at an end, and that the period is arriving when Mexico will again exalt her head among the greatest cities of the world, a rank to which she is entitled from her own intrinsic beauty, and as a capital of one of the finest portions of the globe. The liberality and wisdom of her counsellors, under the new order of things, will enable her to break the trammels in which she has so long been confined, that intelligent strangers may be induced to visit her, and bring with them the arts and manufactures, the improved machinery and great chemical knowledge of Europe; and in return she can amply repay them by again diffusing through the world her immense mineral wealth.

THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

“ This beautiful establishment occupies one of the courts of the vice-regal palace, and though situated in the centre of a large and populous city, every vegetable production seems in perfect health and vigour. It affords to the stranger a most delightful retreat from the mid-day sun, and to the botanist, or admirer of the works of nature, a treat not to be met with elsewhere in New Spain, or perhaps in the world. It is handsomely laid out in the Spanish fashion, with flagged walks bordered with elegant large pots of flowers. The walks are rendered cool

by creeping plants that are trained over them. They diverge from a large stone basin in the centre, constantly supplied by a fountain with water, which in small rivulets spreads itself over every part of this little Paradise, imparting freshness and life to thousands of elegant plants and flowers, unknown to the eye of an European, but which here, in a climate of eternal spring, in the open air, bloom and send forth their fragrance without the assistance of man, and produce a very different appearance to the dwarfish sickly exotics of our hot-houses, which with every possible care and attention, with difficulty linger a few years without re-producing their species.

Apples, pears, peaches, quinces, and other European fruits, flourish here, in company with bananas, avocatas, and the most delicious sapotillas I ever tasted.

The celebrated hand-tree, that has excited so much attention among botanists, is in great perfection here. I have brought models of its highly curious fruit, made from living plants, as well as several species of the extraordinary cacti, mostly natives of Mexico, with which the garden abounds.

HUMMING BIRDS.

“ No subject of Natural History has, since the discovery of the New World, excited the admiration of mankind more than this diminutive favourite of nature; which before the time of Columbus was unknown to the Old World.

“ There is not, it may safely be asserted, in all the varied works of nature, in her zoological productions, any family that can bear a comparison, for singularity of form, splendour of colour, or number and variety of species, with this, the smallest of the feathered creation.

“ In my former collection the variety of different species amounted to near a hundred, and every day brings us acquainted with more. In Jamaica, I procured the smallest known, which is considerably less than some of the bees; and in Mexico many new species, whose splendid colours glow with a brilliancy and lustre not surpassed by any with which we were previously acquainted.

“ Naturalists have fallen into error in asserting that these birds live entirely on the saccharine substance contained in flowers, as I have very frequently seen them take flies and other insects on the wing, and have, on dissection, found them in their stomachs.

“ When this bird places his crimson star-like-breast to the sun, it then presents all the glowing fire of the ruby, and surpasses in lustre the diadems of monarchs.

" Europeans who have seen only the stuffed remains of these little feathered gems in museums, have been charmed with their beautiful appearance; but those who have examined them whilst living, displaying their moving crests, throats, and tails, like the peacock in the sun, can never look with pleasure on their mutilated forms. I have carefully preserved about two hundred specimens, in the best possible manner, yet they are still but the shadows of what they were in life. The reason is obvious; for the sides of the *laminae*, or fibres of each feather, being of a different colour from the surface, will change when seen in a front or oblique direction; and as each *lamina* or fibre turns upon the axis of the quill, the least motion, when living, causes the feathers to change suddenly to the most opposite hues. Thus the one from Nootka Sound changes its expanded throat from the most vivid fire-colour to light green; the topaz-throated does the same; and the Mexican star changes from bright crimson to blue."

— Say, who can paint
Like nature?—Can imagination boast,
Amid her gay creation, hues like these? —

THOMSON.

PRINTING.

We are informed that the Mentz printers, in order that the art might not be divulged, administered an oath of secrecy to all whom they employed; this appears to have been strictly adhered to until the year 1462, at which period the city was sacked and plundered by Archbishop Adolphus, its former rights and franchises were also abolished. Amid the consternation occasioned by this extraordinary event, the workmen of the Mentz press, considering their oath of fidelity no longer binding, now became free agents, and spread themselves in different directions; by this circumstance, the hitherto great mystery was rapidly carried through a considerable portion of Europe: the places which received it early, after some time, commenced a contention for the merit of the discovery, which has given rise to the disputes we are now endeavouring to reconcile.—Johnson's *Typographia*.

Select Biography.

No. XVI.

JOSEPH HUME, Esq. M. P.

MR. HUME was born in the borough of Montrose, one of those boroughs which he now represents, in the year 1777, and

was at an early age apprenticed to a Dr. Bate, a person of considerable provincial celebrity in the profession of physic, and, after serving the ordinary period of such apprenticeships, he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, to pursue his studies. Having finished the regular course of physical and anatomical education, at a college at that period, and ever since, famous throughout Europe for its medical science, Mr. Hume, yet but a very young man, made several voyages to India in the Company's service, and was at last, in 1799, appointed an Assistant-Surgeon to the Indian army. A short time after he landed in India, he was ordered to join Lord Lake's army, and served in this eventful period of the history of our Indian sovereignty. During even the uncertainty and anxiety which invariably accompany a state of warfare, the active faculties of Mr. Hume's mind were never unemployed. In the bustle of a camp, and amid the laborious duties of his profession, he still found leisure to devote a sufficiency of time to learn the Persic language; and when the sudden indisposition of Colonel Auchmuty (at that time interpreter to the army), had placed the commander of the British Indian forces in a most distressing situation, intelligence was brought to him that a gentleman in the very subordinate situation of Assistant-Surgeon was in the habit, for mere amusement, of conversing in the language, which no man in a higher situation in the army could be found in the least acquainted with. This singular circumstance was, perhaps, the cause of Mr. Hume's fortune and his fame; he was instantly taken from the more laborious duties of his profession, and employed to obtain information for the army. The emoluments of interpreter were added to his former scanty pay. And so assiduously did he apply himself to his new duties, that the commanding officer of the detachment soon gave him other temporary appointments, which in all armies are well known as sources of considerable emolument, all which appointments he filled with such activity and industry as obtained him the marked approbation of the commander-in-chief, and recommended him to his private friendship. After a service of eight years, Mr. Hume returned home, in August, 1808, with a mind improved by experience in business, and a constitution uninjured by any very long residence in a tropical climate. The calm enervating possession of wealth, the daily round of forenoon calls and evening whist parties, a listless autumn spent in Bath, and a half-torpid spring in town, were not at all pursuits

in life suitable to the active mind of Mr. Hume: one year of such was enough, and in 1808, after being scarcely a year in England, he set out on a tour to visit the classic shores of Greece. On his voyage thither he landed in Portugal, at that time the theatre of war which has crowned the British arms with immortal glory, and personally inspected those fields, which in after-days the British youth may visit as the death-bed of their forefathers, and the birth-place of their family name. From thence he sailed to Egypt, and saw the spot where his gallant countrymen, in the "garb of Old Gaul," scattered the boast of "Invincibles" of the Corsican despot; and where the gallant Abercrombie fell in the hour of victory.

He next sailed for the Grecian Islands, and visited all those classic shores, which, though now withering under the wasting hand of war, are still green in fable; and from Athens proceeded to Constantinople. Two years were nearly exhausted in accomplishing this tour. In 1811 he returned to England, and spent some months with his friends in Scotland; in 1812 he came into Parliament for Melcombe Regis (Weymouth) a borough which returns four members, and which is the exclusive property of the heirs of the late Sir John Johnstone, under the trusteeship, we believe, of the Duke of Cumberland and a Scottish attorney:—how Mr. Hume got these we profess not to explain, but strongly suspect that the leaves of his ledger and banker's check-books could uniddle the mystery, were it safe to examine such unfashionable documents. He was not the man, however, to represent *my* close borough for any very long period; twelve short months closed his connexion with that noble stronghold of the representation of the people. At the dissolution of Parliament, previous to the death of our late venerable King, Mr. Hume was solicited to offer himself for the borough he now represents (one of those who had obtained a reform of its abuses) and was returned. His conduct in Parliament soon rendered him a "masked man," and at the election which succeeded the accession of his present Majesty to the throne, an opposition was started in the person of John Mitchell, Esq. of Bond-street, supported by the interest of the Crown. Over this opposition, formidable as it was, the popular character of Mr. Hume enabled him to triumph; a petition was presented to the House of Commons, complaining of the return, on the ground that the magistrates of Brechin had been overawed by the populace to vote in Mr. Hume's favour, but which allegation upon the evidence

of the Provost, the House threw out, and declared Mr. Hume duly elected.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERIFIED.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Leaven 't certain is awondrous place,

For Sam'd for sights and rare shows,

Damsels, who ape a vestal virgin's face,

But, *quite as pure*, is quite another case;

Bedizend' out with trinkets, scents, and

clothes,

Pray, of their arts beware, ye silly-beaux.

And there are famous *Joat-ases* of quorum,

With brows terrific, swing those before 'em,

Poor knaves! who trembling wait the legal

lach:

Laws, by an ancient Stoic, were compar'd

To spider's webs, most craftily prepar'd;

The weak, like flies, have sorely cause to rue,

While pow'rit wasps can easily break through,

By weight of friends and cash!

"Can gold gain friendship?" Poet Young, ex-

claims;

Indeed it does, experience now preaches;

At least, attracts a mighty swarm about ye

Who cringe obsequious, scrape and boo,

Proffer the utmost they can do,

While their own interest lies to view;

But, just reverse the scene, you know;

Let them surmise your cash is low,

The fawning herd will quickly go,

Neglect and scutyo!

What various, motley scenes this town supplies!

Bubbles and glided bats attract your eyes;

Black-legs, coquetties, and pious saints de-

mure!

Persons and dustmen, tramping cheek by jowl,

Viscounts and shoe-blacks, judges, mimics et al.

And matron prudes, as chaste Diana pure!

Players, who graceful tread the tragic scene,

(And just as *graceless* shun a tradesman's

bill)

The vilest knaves, disguised in honest men,

And *Jessy Fribbles*, another god nor ill!

Than, as to tricks, 'tis sure the dev'l's place;

Good Hearer 't they even cheat before your face,

And there, 'tis all the go to run in debt,

In lieu of payment, promises you get;

Witness a host of many modern beaux,

Who cut a mighty dash, l'ih' tailor's clothes;

Live in first style, or sport a horse and gig,

And then without a sixpence, hop the twig!

Others again stand boldly to their post,

Defy your threat'lings, bid you do your most;

And lastly to reward your patient stay,

In *Basco Magic* wipe their debts away!

But these are facts, experienced daily shows,

In truth, which every body knows:

So, to your story—prithee mighty muse—

An honest lawyer once (if fame speak true,

Among the set, there are indeed but few)

Long owed a cobbler for a pair of shoes:

Who tried all methods to obtain his money,

At begging, praying, threat'ning, dunning,

Now using vinegar, now honey;

But no!—the lawyer was too canning.

At last, he tried once more: and thus began—

"What is the cause you still refuse,

To pay me *seven and six pence* for those

shoes?

Advise me what I ought to do,

With such a paifly knave as you?"

"Do? (quoth the lawyer) summon, man—

But, since you hitherto have stood so nice,

Our old affair we'll balance in a trice;

The *pence* of right belongs to thee;

And *six and eight pence*, lawyer's fee,

Is mine, for my *advice*!"

JACOBUS.

The Robelist.

No. LX.

JACQUOT! JACQUES!! AND MR.
DE LA JACQUINIÈRE!!!

(From the French.)

JACQUOT was the son of a village cobbler: his parents were poor, but industrious, and he lost them whilst in infancy: at an early age he gave ample proofs of sagacity, for he availed himself of every resource that presented to accumulate the penny: he attended the goats and cows; conducted the horses to water, and waited in the evening at the only Inn in the village, where, by chance, a "god send" induced some solitary traveller to stop. Though sleeping on straw; subsisting on brown bread, fruit, and milk, he sang from the break of morn till its close; and on gaining sufficient to allow of a slight recreation, none footed it so nimbly or merrily in the Sunday's dance. His native village was, in his eyes, a beautiful city: the notary's house, a palace; and the villagers, so many lords and ladies—the most exalted of the creation:—thus he doted on the fields, woods, lawns and rivulets, and also on a certain little peasant, named Susan, who, though not even gifted with wisdom, wealth, or personal charms, was nevertheless, in his eyes, an angel of perfection. Jacquot had but just attained his eighteenth year, when a young nobleman passing through the village, discovering something pleasing in the physiognomy of the industrious peasant, proposed to conduct him to Paris and insure his fortune.

Jacquot had then but little idea of the advantages gained by homage to this volatile deity, but desire of seeing the capital, a feeling of curiosity, and a secret presentiment of future greatness induced him to accept the offer. He wept bitterly on bidding adieu to his fields, his dog, Prin, his goats, cows, and Susan, ejaculating, "Ah, well! it won't be long ere I return; and then I shall tell Prin and Susey all the wonders I have seen in the great city."

Jacquot arrives in Paris: first figures as a groom, then footman, afterwards valet de chambre, when he dropped the name of Jacquot (or *Jemmy*), as being too vulgar for his aspiring ideas; an appellation that also occasioned the laughter of the house-maids. He assumed that of Jacques (*Jemmy*), as a designation far more imposing; and ere the termination of the year, Mister Jacques had entirely forgot his favourite dog Prin, his cattle, woods, hamlet, and his Susan: in the

interim he studied with assiduity; learned to read and write; became steward; knew how to calculate, and with strong intellects soon became initiated in subtraction and multiplication: most stewards know the first rule quoted—to their employer's cost.

A comprehension of division was essential, with which he soon became perfectly acquainted: he learned to divide, and next proceeded to Interest; this he managed with equal facility, by lending money on *interest*, by which an enormous profit was obtained: briefly, after occupying the multifarious situations of steward to a naval and military contractor; secretary of the opera, and confidential agent to a Russian prince, and member of the chamber of Senate, a handsome fortune crowned the anxious endeavours of this deep plodding politician. Courted by all; he entered into extensive financial speculations, in which he was ever so favoured by fortune, that on attaining his thirtieth year, an income of 30,000 livres was at his disposal. "Booing, booing" did the business.

"Nor even Sir Pertinax such homage shew'd.
As this, his prototype upon the great below'd."

Jacques now began to think that he had pruned sufficiently from the garden of Plutus, resolved on enjoying the fruit that he had so amply reaped. His dream of fortune was not now ideal: he purchased an extensive estate; established an elegant equipage; engaged his liver-servants; assuming the title of Mr. de la Jacquinier, or Squire James: here was a prodigious change, but true; thus

Measrons from mingled garbise rise,
And are to rotaries of taste a pride!

Repairing one day to the country villa, his carriage was overset by accident at the entrance of a poor village, and whilst workmen were sent in quest of, to place it in repair, our fortunate Squire alighted, and looking around exclaimed, "Heavens! what a filthy hole! what a wretched receptacle! what a despicable country! stagnate pools—filthy quagmires—dirty hovels—frightful rustics—not a single spot where a person of consequence can with decency repose! My organs are quite affected at the bare idea of being compelled to remain here till my vehicle is put in order—confound the rascally coachman, he shall be discharged immediately I reach home"—for this hamlet—have it in his own words,—for M. de la Jacquinier presumed now to be a man of letters—a poet, forsooth,—and no mean one either; at least he was so flattered by numerous parasites, who admired the delicacies of his table,—

" 'Tis a degenerate—a vile shade,
Which courtier's feet hath never trod;
And I, who half the courtiers reign,
Can only view it with disdain."

Whilst making these sapient observations, our Squire had advanced to the bank of a purling rill, whose deviating banks formed, in his eye, an uncouth contrast with the level embankment of his artificial canal, although in the crystal wave he beheld the finny brood gaily disporting, as he seated himself on a sward beneath an ancient willow—a prospect that had never greeted him in his own torpid reservoirs.

M. de la Jacquiniere had been seated but for a few minutes when he was surrounded by a flock of sheep, goats and cows, who were under the *surveillance* of a swarthy female peasant and her dog; the latter, though nearly blind from age, distanced the flock, and hastened with kind and anxious familiarity to lick the hand of the astonished, alarmed, and indignant Squire of the town. "Lud! lud! lud!" shouted the lusty conductress, what may be all this? I never saw Prin so affectionate to any one in all my born days, except poor Jacquot.

On the mention of this plebeian name the wealthy gentleman blushed deeply; a thousand conflicting thoughts pervaded his mind; he gazed around: can it be? yes, it is so! he is in his native village; Susan is before him, under the very willow, beneath which he has so often slept and dreamed—dreamed;—aye, but never of moving in his present sphere!

Oh, M. de la Jacquiniere! what must be your sensations; what those of one devoted to ancient friends and place of nativity? Imagination pictures you pressing in your warm embrace, the poor girl whom you formerly so fondly cherished; your tears distilling on your parents' humble sod; your bounties falling like refreshing April showers on the inhabitants of your native hamlet; the companions of your infancy enjoying the social delight of greeting your prosperity in the garden where erst you passed with them so many hours in revelry:—learn the reverse—Prin, poor faithful Prin, the dog so affectionately faithful, was spurned from him with indignation: methinks his melancholy howl still peals on my ear, awaking grievous contrasts. He hastened from Susan and the village; ascended his coach, and on reaching the splendid villa, caused the neck of a beautiful parrot to be twisted, for having had the misfortune to exclaim, "Have you dined Jacquot."

His was a love of wealth; so strong—so sure.
As neither time could change, or art could cure.

J. K. — R.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and *disposer* of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

DR. SOUTH AND KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

THE doctor once preaching before King Charles and his profligate court, perceived in the middle of his sermon that sleep had taken possession of all his hearers. The doctor stopped: and changing his tone of voice, called three times to Lord Lauderdale, who starting up, "My Lord," said South, with great composure, "I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg you will not snore so loud, lest you awaken his majesty."

PRIDE.

A SPANIARD rising from a fall, whereof his nose had suffered considerably, etc. claimed, "Voto a tal esto es contiene por la turu!" this comes of walking upon "earth."

LOVE, A JEU D'ESPRIT.

How sweet a torment 'tis to love?
And, ah! how pleasant is the pain?
I would not, if I could, remove,
And now put off the amorous shame,
Tho' Chloris' eyes do give me pain,
And me of liberty beguile,
I, like a martyr, love my cause,
And on my fair tormentor smile.

AN IMPROMPTU.

WALKING BY MOONLIGHT.

Hail! silver Moon—whose cheerful radiance warms
The lover's breast to seek his Chloe's arms;
Who, by the light each others vows
exchange,
And seal those vows—while plead' by
thee they range.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Public will learn with surprise that we have been threatened with a suit in Chancery, by Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, for quoting, from a periodical work they publish, an account of the last moments of Lord Byron, although we acknowledged the source whence we derived it. It is the more remarkable, as the article had previously been copied into all the London, and most of the country papers. Why the Minos has been thus inviolably selected for a Chancery suit will perhaps hereafter appear, and the real motive be made known.

Answers to Correspondents in our next.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.